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ART GLASS DOMES

in Wrought Iron and Brass frames entirely too large, and them all, therefore it grew and grew till her sight could scarcely reach from wall to wall. Shapes headed and marshalled them by races and by generations, perhaps because thus only could

OUR REGULAR PRICE		SALE PRICE
\$ 6.50	DOMES	\$ 4.25
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15.00	66	10.00
17.50	"	12.50
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THE LADY OF THE HEAVENS.

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"Richard Darrien!" they cried, Richard Darrien!" they cried, Richard Darrien!"
But no Shape swept in bearing the pirit of Richard in its arms.
"He is not here," said the voice in er heart. "Go, seek him in some other rorid."

"I saw Ibubesi, and he prayed me for my pardon, and I granted it to spirit of Richard in its arms.
"He is not here," said the voice in her heart. "Go, seek him in some other

She grew angry. She grew angry.

"Thou mockest me," she answered,
"He is dead, and this is the home of
the dead; therefore he must be here.
Shadow, thou mockest me."

"I mock not," came the swift answer. "Mortal, look now and learn."

Again the doors burst open, and
through them poured the infinite rout
of the dead. That hall would not hold
them all, therefore it grew and grew

her human heart imagine them; but her human heart Imagine them; but now none were borne in their arms. They came in myriads and in mil-lions, in billions and tens of billions, men and women and children, kings and priests and beggers, all wearing the garments of their age and coun-try. They came like an ocean-tide, and their floating hair was the foam on the tide, and their eyes gleamed on the tide, and their eyes gleamed like the first shimmer of dawn above the snows. They came for hours and days and years and centuries, they came eternally, and as they came every finger of that host, compared to which all the sands of all the seas were but as a handful, was pointed at her, and every mouth shaped the

"Is it I whom thou seekest? Million by million she scanned them all, but the face of Richard Darrien

was not there.

Now the dead Zulus were marching by. Down the stream of Time they marched in their marshalled regiments. Chaka stood over her—she knew him by his likeness to Dingaan—and threat-ened her with a little, red-handed spear, asking her how she dared to sit upon the throne of the Spirit of his nation. She began to tell him her story but as she spoke the wide receding walls of that grey hall fell apart and crumbled and amidst a mighty laughter the great-eyed Shapes rebuilt the tree of the dwarf-folk. The sound of the trumpets died away, the shrill, sweet music of the spheres grew far

Rachel opened her eyes. There in front of her sat Nya, crooning her low song, and there on either side crouched song, and there on either side crouched the mutes tapping upon their little drums and gazing into their bowls of water, while against her leaned Noie, who stirred like one awaking from sleep. Ages and ages ago when she started on that dread journey, the dwarf to her left was stretching out her hand to steady the bowl at her feet, and now it had but just reached the bowl. A great moth had singed its wings in the lamp and was fluttering to the ground—it was still in mid-air. Noie was placing her arm about her neck, and it had but begun to fall upon her shoulder! drums and gazing into their bowls of water, while against her leaned Noic, who stirred like one awaking from sleep. Ages and ages ago when she started on that dread journey, the dwarf to her left was stretching out her hand to steady the bowl at her feet, and now it had but just reached the bowl. A great moth had singed its wings in the lamp and was fluttering to the ground—it was still in mid-air. Noie was placing her arm about her neck, and it had but begun to fall upon her shoulder!

CHAPTER XXII.

In the Sanctuary.

Nya ceased her singing, and the dwarf women their beating on the drums.

"Hast thou been a journey, Maiden?" she asked, looking at Rachel curiously. "Aye, Mother," she answered in a faint voice, "a journey far and strange."

"And thou, Noie, my niece?"

"And thou, Noie, my niece?"

"Aye, Mother," she answered shivering as though with cold or fear, "but I went not with my Sister here, I went alone—for years and years."

"A far journey thou sayest, Inkosazana, and one that was for years and zero."

"A far journey thou sayest, Inkosazana, and one that was for years and zero."

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"A far journey thou sayest, Inkosazana, and one that was for years and zero."

"A far journey thou sayest, Inkosazana, and one that was for years and

zana, and one that was for years and years, thou sayest, Noie, yet the eyes of both of you have been shut for so long only as it takes a burnt moth to

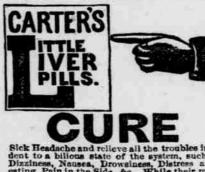
fall from the lamp flame to the ground. I think that you slept and dreamed a moment, that is all."
"Mayhap, Mother," replied Rachel,
"but if so mine was a most wondrous
dream such as has never visited me
before, and as I pray, never may
again. For I was borne beyond the
stars in the glorious cities of the dead,
and I saw all the dead, and those that
I had known in life were hrought to noment, that is all." I had known in life were brought to

me by Shapes and Powers whereof I could only see the eyes."
"And didst thou find him whom thou soughtest most of all?"
"Nay," she answered, "him alone I did not find. I sought him, I prayed the Guardians of the dead to show him to me, and they called up all the dead, and I scanned them every one,

and they summoned him by his name, but he was not of their number, and he came not. Only they spoke in my heart, bidding me to look for him in some other world."
"Ah!" exclaimed Nya starting a lit-

tle, "they said that to thee, did they? Well, worlds are many, and such a search would be long." Then as though to turn the subject, she added, "And what sawest thou, Noie?"

"I Mother? I went not beyond the stars, I climbed down endless ladders into the centre of the earth, my feet are still sore with them. I reached vast caves full of a blackness that shone, and there many dead folk were walking, going nowhere, and coming back from nowhere. They seemed strengthless but not unhappy, and they looked at me and asked me tidings of the upper world, but I could not answer them, for whenever I opened my lips to speak a cold hand was laid up-on my mouth. I wandered among them for many moons, only there was no moon, nothing but the blackness that shone like polished coal, wander-



SICK

"I saw Ibubesi, and he prayed me for my pardon, and I granted it to him," broke in Rachel.

"I did not see him," went on Noie flercely, "nor would I have pardoned him if I had. Nor do I think that my father and his family pardon him; I think that they wait to bear testimony against him before the Lord of the dead."

"Nay, he sat there beneath a black tree whereof I could not see the top, and gazed into a bowl of black water, and in that bowl he showed me many

"Dld Seyapi tell you so?" asked Ra-

pictures of things that have been and things that are to come, but they are secret, I may say nothing of them."
"And what was the end of it, my niece?" asked Nya, bending forward

eagerly.

"Mother, the end of it was that the black tree which was shaped like the tree of our tribe above us, took fire and went up in a fierce flame. Then the roofs of the caves fell in and all the people of the dwarfs fiew through the roofs, singing and rejoicing, into a place of light; only," she added slowly. "It seemed to me that I was left alone amidst the ruins of the caves, I and the white ghost of the tree. Then a voice cried to me to make my heart bold, to bear all things with patience, since to those who dare much for love's sake, much will be forgiven. So I wake, but what those words mean I I wake, but what those words mean I cannot guess, seeing that I love no man, and never shall," and she rested her chin upon her hand and sat there "No."

"No," replied Nya, "thou lovest no man, and therefore the riddle is hard," but as she spoke her eyes fell upon

Rachel. "Mother," said Rachel precently, "my heart is the hungrier for all that it has fed upon. Can thy magic send me back to that couptry of the dead that I may search for him again? If so, for his sake I will dare the journey."

"Not so," answered Nya, shaking her head." It is a road that very faw, here

head; "it is a road that very few have travelled, and none may travel twice and live."

Now Rachel began to weep.

"Weep not, Maiden, there are other roads and perchance to-morrow thou shalt walk them. Now lie down and sleep, both of you, and fear no dreams."

er art thou leading the Children of the Tree? On thy head be it. Eddo, not on mine, on thy head forever and forever.

When Rachel awoke, refreshed, or When Rachel awoke, refreshed, on the following day, she lay a while thinking. Every detail of her vision was perfectly clear in her mind, only now she was sure that it had been but a dream. Yet what a wonderful dream? How, even in her sler- had she found the imagination to concieve circumstances so inconceivable? That magic rush beyond the stars: that dream? How, even in her sleep had she found the imagination to concieve circumstances so inconceivable? That magic rush beyond the stars; that mighty world set round with black cliffs against which rolled the waves of space; that changeful, wondrous world which unfolded itself petal by petal like a rose, every petal lovelier and different from the last; that grey of space: that changeful, wondrous were political victims sent thither by world which unfolded itself petal by petal like a rose, every petal lovelier and different from the last; that grey hall roofed with tilted precipices; and then those dead, those multitudes of the roots per large and ancient creed, they would have risked the spilling of their souls. For the most part the

haps it was but an aftermath of her madness, for into the minds of the mad creep strange sights and sounds, and this place, and the people amongst whom she sojourned, the Ghost-people, the grey Dwarf-people, the Dealers in dreams, the Dwellers in the sombre on the mutes received scant offerings, or none at all, with the result that they forcest might well open new doors in dreams, the Dwellers in the sombre forest, might well open new doors in such a soul as hers. Or perhaps she was still mad. She did not know, she did not greatly care. All she knew was that her poor heart ached with love for a man who was dead, and yet whom she could not find even among the dead. She had wished to die, but now she longed for death no more, fearing lest after all there should be something in that vision which the

that day, that is, nothing out of the common. A certain number of the privileged, priestly caste of the dwarfs were carried or conducted into the holy place, and up to the Fence of Death some of them were very kind to each place, and up to the Fence of Death that they might die there, and a certain number were brought out for burial. Some of those who came in were folk weary of life, or in other words, suicides, and these walked, and some were sick of various diseases, and these were carried. But the end was the same, they always died, though whether this result was really brought about by some poison distilled from the tree, as Nya alleged, or whether it was the effect of a physical collapse induced by that inherited belief, Rachel never discovered.

At least they died, some almost at

At least they died, some almost at once, and some within a day or two of entering that deadly shade, and were borne away to burial by the mutes who spent their spare time in the digging of little graves which they must fill of little graves which they must fill. Indeed these mutes either knew, or pretended that they knew, who would be the occupant of each grave. At least they intimated by signs that this was revealed to them in their bowls, and when the victims appeared within the Wall, took pleasure in leading them to the holes they had prepared, and showing to them with what care these had been dug to suit their stature. For this service they received a fee that such moribund persons brought with them.



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either of finely woven robes, or of mats, or of different sorts of food, or sometimes of gold and copper rings manufactured by the Umkulu or other subject savages which they were upon their wrists and ankles.

What power had been born in her that she could imagine such things as these? Vision she had, like her mother, but not after this sort. Perhaps it was but an aftermath of madness for its the could be a sort of the souls. For the most part the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, Nya, over whom Eddo was at least the could be a sort of the souls. For the most part the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of the crime of these poor people was that they had been adherents and supporters of the old Mother of the Trees, and the crime of t

fearing lest after all there should be strange folk, and oddly enough Rasomething in that vision which the magic of Nya had summoned up, and cheerful in their demeanour, for when magic of Nya had summoned up, and that when she reached the further shore she might not find him who dwelt in a different world. Oh! if only she could find him, then she would be glad enough to go wherever it was that he had gone.

Now Nole was awake at her side, and they talked together.

"We must have dreamt dreams, Noie." she said. "Perhaps the Mother like monkeys and carry on a kind of market between themselves. They lived in that part of the circumference of the Wall which was behind the hill whereon grew the sacred tree. Here no burials took place, and instead of graves appeared their tiny huts arranged in neat streets and squares. In these they and their foreglad enough to go wherever it was that he had gone.

Now Nole was awake at her side, and they talked together.

"We must have dreamt dreams, Nole," she said. "Perhaps the Mother mirgled some drug with our food."

"I do not know, Zoola," answered Noie, "but if so I want no more of those dreams which bode no good to me. Besides, who can tell what is dream and what is truth? Mayhap this world is the dream, and the truth is such things as we saw last night," and she would say no more on the matter.

Nothing happened within the Wall that day, that is, nothing out of the was the was the hild whereon grew the sacred tree. Here no burials took place, and instead of graves appeared their tiny huts arranged in neat streets and squares. In these they and their fore-fathers had dwelt from time immemorial; indeed each little hut with a few yards of fenced-in ground about it ornamented with dwarf trees, was a freehold that descended from father to son. For the mutes married, and were given in marriage, like other folk, though their children were few, a family of three being considered very large, while many of the couples had none at all. But those who were born to them were all deaf-mutes, although

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bough Chat H. Fletchir.



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